

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where heart-fire glows,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterances prudence guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun.
Beautiful goal, with race well run.
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—O, beautiful sleep!

THE MINISTER OF MONTCLAIR.

It was no use; the letters danced before his eyes, the world seemed wavering and uncertain in those days. He laid his book down, and began to think of the great trouble which was shutting him in. When the black specks first began to dance between him and his paper, months ago, he had not thought about the matter. It was annoying, to be sure, but he must have taxed his eyes too severely. He would work a little less by lamp-light—spare them a while—and he should be all right. So he had spared them more and more, and yet the specks kept on their elfin dance; and now for weeks, the conviction had been growing on him slowly, that he was going to be blind. He had not told his wife yet—how could he bear to lay on her shoulders the burden of his awful calamity? O, it was too hard!

And yet was it too hard? Dared he say so, he, God's minister—who had told other sufferers so many times, that their chastenings were dealt out to them by a kind Father's hand, and that they should count all that brought them nearer to Him, as joyous, not grievous.

Yet speaking after the manner of this world, his burden seemed greater than could bear. What could do that—a blind, helpless man? He must give up his work in life—let another take his ministry—sit helpless in the darkness, Heaven only knew how long. Could he be thus resigned?

Then suddenly a flash of hope kindled his sky. There might be help for him. This gathering darkness might be something which science could remove. He would be sure of that before he told Mary. And then he became feverishly impatient. He must know at once, it seemed to him—he could not wait. He called his wife, and told her, with a manner which he tried hard to make calm, that he was going out of town the next morning, on a little business. She wondered that he was so uncommunicative—it was not like him—but she would not trouble him with any questions. She should understand it all sometime, she knew; still she thought there was something strange in his way of speaking.

The minister strove hard for the mastery of his own spirit, as the cars whirled him along the next morning, toward the tribunal at which he was to receive his sentence. He tried to think of something else, but found the effort vain. So he said, over and over, as simply as a child, one form of words:

"Father, whichever way it turns, O, give me strength to bear it."

Holding fast to his prayer, as to an anchor, he got out of the cars, and went into the streets. What a curious mist seemed to surround all things! The houses looked like spectres through it; the very people he met seemed like ghosts. He had not realized his defective vision so much at home, where it had come on him gradually, and all objects were so familiar. Still, with an effort he could see the signs on the street corners and find his way.

He reached at last the residence of the distinguished oculist for whose verdict he had come. He found the parlor half filled with people, waiting like himself. He was asked for his name, and sent in a card on which was written, "Rev. William Spencer, Montclair." Then he waited his turn. He dared not think how long the time was, or what suspense he was in. He just kept his simple child's prayer in his heart, and steadied himself with it.

The time came for him at last, and he followed the boy who had summoned him, into a little room shaded with green, with green furniture, and on the table, a vase of flowers. The stillness of the cool-scented air refreshed him. He saw dimly, as he saw everything that morning, a tall, slight man, with a kind face and quiet manners, who addressed him by name, invited him to sit down, and then inquired into his symptoms with such tact and sympathy, that he felt as if he were talking with a friend. At last the doctor asked him to take a seat by the window, and have his eyes examined. His heart beat chokingly, and he whispered under his breath:

"Thy will, O God, be done; only give me strength."

Dr. Gordon was silent for a moment or two—it seemed ages to Mr. Spencer. Then he said with the tenderest and saddest voice, as if he felt to the utmost all the pain he was inflicting:

"I cannot give you any hope. The malady is incurable. You will not lose your sight entirely, just yet, but it must come soon."

The minister tried to ask how long it would be before he should be blind; but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and he could only gasp.

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1876.

NUMBER 29.

Dr. Gordon understood and answered very kindly, that it might be a month, possibly two.

He stood up then, to go. He knew all hope was over. He paid his fee, and went out of the room, and out of the house. It seemed to him things had grown darker since he went in. He hardly knew how he found his way to the cars. It was two hours past his dinner time, and he was faint for lack of food, but he did not know it. He got to the station somehow, and waited for the train to start for Montclair. All the way home he kept whispering to himself—"One month, possibly two"—as if it were a lesson on the getting by heart of which, his life depended. He heard the conductor call out Montclair at last and got out of the cars mechanically. His wife stood there, waiting for him. She had been anxious about him all day.

"O, William!" she cried, and then she saw his face, and stopped. There was a look on it, as of one over whom some awful doom is pending, a white, fixed look that chilled her. She took his arm, and they walked on silently through the summer afternoon. When they reached home, and she had taken off her bonnet, he spoke at last.

"Mary come here, and let me look at you. I want to learn you face by heart." She came and knelt by him, while he took her cheeks between his hands, and studied every lineament.

"Are you going away?" she asked, after a while; for his fixed, silent, mysterious gaze began to torture her.

"Yes, dear, I am going, going into the dark."

"To die?" she asked.

"Yes, to die to everything that makes up a man's life in the world," he answered bitterly.

"Mary, I am going blind. Think what that means. After a few more weeks, I shall never see you again, or your children, or the dear, beautiful world where we have lived and loved each other. The whole creation is only an empty sound, forevermore! O, God! how can I bear this?"

"Is there no hope?" she asked with curious calmness, at which she herself was amazed.

"None. It was my errand to town today, to find out. I have felt it coming on for months, but I hoped against hope, and now I know. O, Mary, to sit in darkness until my death day, striving for a sight of your dear face! It is too bitter; and yet, what am I saying? Shall my Father not choose His own way to bring me to the light of Heaven? I must say, I will say, His will be done."

Just then the children came running in; boyish, rearing Will, shy, yet merry little May.

"Hush, dears," the mother said softly, "papa is tired. You had better run away again."

"No, Mary, let them stay," he interposed, and then he said, so low that his wife's ears just caught the whisper, "I cannot see them too much in this little while."

O, how the days went on after that! Every day the world looked dimmer to the minister's darkened eyes. He spent nearly all his time trying to fix the things he loved in his memory.

It was pitiful to see him going round over each well-known, well-loved scene, noting anxiously just how those trees boughs stood out against the sky, or that hill climbed toward the sunset. He studied every little flower, every fern the children gathered; for all creation seemed to take for him a new beauty and worth. Most of all he studied the dear home faces. His wife grew used to the dim, wistful eyes following her so constantly; but the children wondered why papa liked so well to keep them in sight; why he did not read or study more.

There came a time at last, one Sunday morning, when the brilliant Summer sunshine dawned for him in vain.

"Is it a bright day, dear?" he asked, hearing his wife moving about the room.

"Very bright, William."

"Open the blinds, please, and let the sunshine in at the east windows."

Mary Spencer's heart stood still within her, but she commanded her voice, and answered steadily:

"They are open, William. The whole room is full of light."

"Mary, I can not see; the time has come; I'm alone in the darkness."

"Not alone, my love!" she cried in a passion of grief, and pity, and tenderness. Then she went and sat down beside him on the bed, and drew his head to her bosom, her tender caresses, her soothing tones seemed to have healed his bruised, tortured heart. He lifted up his head, and kissed her, his first from out the darkness in which he must abide, and then he sent her away. I think every soul, standing face to face with an untired calamity, longs to be for a space, alone with its God.

Three hours after that, the church bells rang, and as usual, the minister and his wife walked out of their dwelling, save that now, he leaned on her arm. In that hour of seclusion, he had made up his mind what to do. They walked up a familiar way, and she left him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and went back to her pew in front. He groped up the stairs, and then rising in his place, he spoke to the wondering congregation.

"Brethren, I stand before you as one on whom the Father's hand has fallen heavily. I shall never see you again in this world—you, my children, for whose souls I have striven so long. I have looked my last on your kind, familiar faces on this earth, see to it that I miss none of you when my eyes are unsealed again in Heaven. Grant, O, Father, that of those whom Thou has given me, I may lose none."

There was not a tearful face among those which were lifted toward him, as he stood there, with his sightless eyes raised to Heaven, his hands outstretched as if to bring down on them the blessing for which he prayed. Some of the women sobbed audibly, but the minister was calm. After a moment, he said:

"My brethren, as far as possible, the services will proceed as usual."

Then in a clear voice in which there seemed to his listeners' ears some unearthly sweetness, he recited the one hundred and thirtieth Psalm, commencing:

"Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice!"

Afterward he gave out the first line of a hymn which the congregation sang. Then he prayed, and some who heard him, said that the eyes closed on earth, were surely beholding the beautiful vision, for he spoke as a son beloved, whose very soul was full of the glory of the Father's presence.

The sermon which followed was such a one as they never before heard from his lips. There was a power in it, a fervor, a tenderness which no words of mine can describe. It was the testimony of a living witness who has found the Lord a very present help in time of trouble.

When all was over, and he came down the pulpit stairs, his wife stood at the foot, and he took her arm and went out silently. He appeared to the waiting congregation, as one set apart and consecrated by the anointing of a special sorrow, and they dared not break the holy silence round him with common speech.

The next afternoon, a committee from the church went to the parsonage. Mrs. Spencer saw them coming, and told her husband.

"It must be," said he, "to ask my advice in the choice of my successor."

"I think they might have waited one day!" she cried, with a woman's passionate impatience at any seeming forgetfulness of the claims given him by his years of faithful service.

The delegation had reached the door by that time, and the minister did not answer her. She waited on the men into the study, and left them there, giving about her usual tasks, with a heart full of bitterness. It was natural, perhaps, that they should not want a blind minister, but to tell him so now, to make the very first pang of his sorrow sharper by their thanklessness, it was too much.

An hour passed before they went away, and then she heard her husband's voice calling her, and went into the study, prepared to sympathize with sorrow. She found him sitting where she had left him, with such a look of joy, and peace, and thankfulness upon his face, as she never expected to see it wear again.

"Mary," said he, "there are some kind hearts in this world. My parish want me to stay with them, and insist on raising my salary a hundred dollars a year."

"Want you to stay with them?" she cried, hardly understanding his words.

"Yes, I told them that I could not do them justice, but they would not listen; they believe that my very affliction will give me new power over the hearts of men; that I can do as much as ever. They would not wait a day, you see, lest we should be anxious about our future."

"And I thought they were coming in indecent haste, to give you notice to go."

Mrs. Spencer cried penitently. "How I misjudged them! shall I never learn Christian charity!"

It was settled that the minister of Montclair should abide with his people. For three years more his persuasive voice called them to pursue a better way; and then his own summons came to go up higher. In those three years he had sown more seed and reaped more harvest than some men in a long life-time. He did his work faithfully, and was ready when the hour came for him to go home. Just at last, when those who had loved him best stood weeping at his bed-side, they caught upon his face the radiance of a light not of this world. He put out his hands with a glad cry—

"I see, I see! Out of the dark into the light."

And before they could look with awe and wonder into each other's eyes, the glory had begun to fade, the outstretched hands fell heavily, and they knew that the blind minister was gone "past night, past day," where for him there would be no more darkness.—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

An Irishman in Iowa was bitten by a rattlesnake, but the liberal use of a neighbor's whisky cured him. The next day he was seen walking slowly on the prairies, and looking earnestly for something. He was asked what he was looking for. "For the bite of a snake," was the reply.

Two girls were carrying between them a pail of milk, in Carville, Va., when a stroke of lightning killed one and stunned the other.

Deaths of English Kings.

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stag he hunted.

Henry I. died of gluttony.

Henry II. died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cœur de Lion, like the animal from which his heart was named, died by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how, but it is said of chagrin, which, we suppose, is another term for a dose of halibute.

Henry III. is said to have died "a natural death."

Edward I. is likewise said to have died of a "natural sickness"—a sickness which it would puzzle all the College of Physicians to denominate.

Edward II. was most barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother and her paramour.

Edward III. died of dotage, and Richard II. of starvation, the very reverse of George IV.

Henry IV. is said to have died of "fits caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry V. is said to have died of a painful affliction, prematurely! This is a courtly term for getting rid of a King.

Henry VI. died in a prison, by means known then only to his jailor, and known now only to Heaven.

Edward V. was strangled in the tower by his uncle, Richard III.

Richard III. was killed in battle.

Henry VII. wasted away, as a miser ought to do.

Henry III. died of carbuncles, fat and fury.

Edward VI. died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a broken heart.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to her enemies.

James I. died of drinking.

Charles I. died on the scaffold.

Charles II. died suddenly, it is said, of apoplexy.

William III. died from consumptive habits of body, and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Ann died from dropsy.

George I. died of drunkenness, which his physicians politely call an apopleptic fit.

George II. died of a rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God. It is the only instance in which God touched his heart.

George III. died as he lived—a madman. Throughout life he was at least a consistent monarch.

A Few Golden Rules.

Take hold of duties pleasantly. Walk side by side with gentleness, courtesy and true love for your fellow-beings. Never tease or taunt; no good comes of it, and your taunts may be remembered with resentment for years. Let the whole of your life be mapped out carefully, with the view of making the best possible use of it, and foster a love for honorable industry, with an eye open toward steady savings for future benefit.

He who would be wealthy must save. If your companions do not believe in it, break away from them, abandon the countless trifles that are hourly presented to you. Smoke fewer cigars, go to the theatre less, and within a year you will be on a road to wealth, while they haunt the corners, the theatres and the bar-rooms, spending their money on vice and that which makes no good returns.

It is a false pride which would make the average young American "free as water" with his money. Save it, for old age will soon come, with its vent for benevolence; perhaps then you can dispose of it with better judgment.

When the aged oak sends forth its faded leaves one by one in the autumn blast, its time-scarred bark turns black, and the tree dies from old age, and it is of no more value in the earth; perchance then there shoots forth an infant oak which will take pattern after its aged friend, and mature to worth and beauty. So, if a man strives by industry, sobriety and civility to win an honorable life, he will inevitably win wealth and an honorable position in the hearts of all, while all around him will spring up hosts of imitators.—*Ex.*

"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?"

"A man who makes nails," replied hopeful, quite readily.

"Very good. Now what is a tailor?"

"One who makes tails," was the equally quick reply.

"O, you blockhead!" replied the dominie, biting his lips; "a man who makes tails I did you ever!"

"To be sure," quoth hopeful; "if the tailor didn't put tails to the coats he made, they would all be jackets."

"Eh?—ah!—well!—to be sure! I didn't think of that."

A correspondent of the Troy Times says that Miss Bennett is the richest American woman who ever chose a convent life.

Wanted an Apology.

Early yesterday morning a car on the Cass avenue route encountered a milk-wagon driven by a woman about forty years old, and the driver shouted and motioned for her to turn out. She refused to leave the track and car and wagon came to a halt.

"Why don't you get off the track?" shouted the car driver as he put on the brake.

"I don't like your way of hollering at me," she slowly replied. "I'm just as much of a lady as the Queen of England, and you must treat me with just as much courtesy as you would her."

"I say get off the track!"

"And I say I won't!"

He left his car to lead her horse off the track, but she had a long whip and she kept him off. He got behind her wagon to lift it off, but the whip cracked about his ears again.

"Will you get off the track?" he demanded.

"When you apologize I will!"

He was in a fix. His car was full, the milk woman was stout and full of grit, and he decided to come down. He said he begged her pardon.

"That's all I want, and let this be a great moral lesson to you," she replied as she turned off the track. "When you see a milkwoman on the track, speak to her kindly and gently, and don't undertake to bluff."—*Detroit Free Press.*

White Dresses for Mourning.

White linen lawn dresses of pure linen and all white are worn in the house during mid-summer by ladies in mourning. They are made with pleated waists and long, deep over-skirts, trimmed with bias bands of the same stitched on, and edged with side-pleating. With some black bows at the throat, wrists and belt, also for draping the over-skirt on each side; this makes a very tasteful dress. There are also Scotch gingham, of exceedingly fine quality, with checked patterns in the body of the goods, and a black selvedge for bordering the neat morning dresses and costumes of young ladies in mourning.

Linen lawns crossed with bars of black make up tastefully; others with striped patterns are still used, and those with Greek squares or key patterns; sprigs and polka dots are not as much liked as formerly. House dresses of white muslin are made up for ladies in mourning, and trimmed with clusters of fine tucks and crimped flounces, or else plain. Some have pinnacles, while others have the cuirass and long over-skirt. Thin lawns of solid black and the black linens now imported are not liked, as they soon get stingy, and do not look well after being washed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

An Amusing Blunder.

Some years ago, during a Democratic State Convention held at Syracuse, there occurred a large Sunday-school picnic, to which many of the delegates were invited, and which a few attended. Among those who accepted were John Van Buren and General Nye. Mr. Van Buren was requested to make a little speech to the little people, and, though it was a little out of his line, he cheerfully consented. In the course of it he sought to impress upon the juveniles that honesty was the best policy, and that politicians of all classes were quite too apt to sell and be sold. By way of illustration he added:

"You remember how Abraham of old traded his birthright for a mess of pottage." General Nye, who sat directly behind him, gave a pull at his coat-tails, and said, "Hold on, John, you have got the hair on the wrong man."—*EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

A Murderous Sea Flower.

One of the most exquisite wonders of the sea, says the Scientific American, is called the opolet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with a rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opolet generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunshine! But these beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth which is hidden deep among them, so well hidden that no one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant that a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy lips he is stuck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then, the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

A Promising Pupil.

Some years ago a benevolent lady of this city took a little negro girl into her family, intending to give her a very thorough moral and religious training. Unfortunately, the child was much given to lying, and though the mistress strove incessantly by precept and example to eradicate this vice, her efforts were far from successful. One day, returning home after some hours' absence, the lady was met at the door by her sable hand-maid, who, with many tears, informed her that she had broken a very valuable china pitcher, an heir-loom in the family.

Here was light in the darkness at last, strict truthfulness in the face of reprimand or punishment, and the good mistress was delighted. Such an opportunity to reward and strengthen virtue must not be lost; so the lady magnanimously forgot her annoyance at the loss of her cherished pitcher (one of a pair), and, taking out a penny said, kindly, "Well, Jenny, since you have been such a good girl, and told the truth so quickly, I shall not even scold you. Here is a penny for you."

Alas! the next morning the lady, on returning home from market, was met at the door again by her promising pupil, who delightedly exclaimed: "Oh, mistress! I've broke the other pitcher. Won't you give me another penny?"

Further description of that good woman's state of mind would be superfluous.—*EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

How to Do Up Shirts.

A lady gives the following in the Ohio Farmer: To three tablespoons of common starch, well boiled in one quart of water, add a lump of lard the size of a pea, a tablespoonful of loaf sugar and a little salt. Let it cool until you can use it without burning your hands. When the clothes are thoroughly dry, dampen your shirts in a thin cold starch, roll them up and let them lie one hour before ironing. When ready to iron have a bowl of clean, cold water at hand, dip a clean handkerchief into it and wring it out dry; then stretch the shirt over a shirt-board, and with the dampened handkerchief wipe off every particle of starch that appears on the surface, taking care always to wipe downward. Be careful not to have the iron too hot. The more pressure you use on the starched surface the finer polish you will get. I have done up shirts in this way for several years, and know that it will produce a polish equal to any laundry work. I forgot to mention in its proper place that you should never boil the starch until the clothes are ready to hang up to dry.

No shirt can be done up nicely without a shirt-board. The one I have is two feet long and one foot wide—an inch board planed smooth, and covered on one side with six thicknesses of flannel, the top one being soft white flannel. The first five thicknesses are stretched over tightly, and tacked securely onto the edge of the board all around; the white flannel outside is stitched to the edges of the others, so that it can be removed for washing whenever necessary. Old blankets or shawls that have done their duty as such can be well utilized for this purpose.

John Ruskin's Tribute to his Mother.

M. D. Conway writes from London to the Cincinnati Commercial: There is an old tradition concerning Mahomet that he was once standing beneath a palm tree and teaching his followers, saying: "He who clothes the naked shall be clothed by God with the green robe of paradise. If a good man gives with his right hand and conceals it from his left, he overcomes all things." While he said these things, a man drew near and cried: "O prophet! my mother Sad is dead; what is the best alms I can give away for her soul?" Mahomet bethought him of the panting hearts of the desert, and said, "Dig a well for her, and give water to the thirsty." The man dug a well, and said, "This is for my mother." I do not know whether Mr. John Ruskin ever met with this old story, but he has just performed a kind and gentle action which is now an exquisite clear spring of running water. Mr. Ruskin has expended £500 in making this spring, which is not far from the home of his childhood, and surrounding it with trees and flowers, and named it after his mother, Margaret's well. On the neat tablet over it are inscribed the following words: "In obedience to the Giver of Life, of brooks and flowers that feed it, of the peace that ends it, may this well be kept sacred for the service of men, flocks, and flowers, and by kindness be called Margaret's well."

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1876.

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The Next Lecture before the Troy Deaf-Mute Club and Service for Deaf-Mutes at Albany.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet proposes to lecture to the Troy Deaf-Mute Club, on Saturday evening, the 29th inst., and to hold a service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, the 30th, at 2:30 P. M.

Deaf-mute Service and Picnic.

Elsewhere in to-day's Journal we issue a general invitation by Rev. Thomas B. Berry, of Granville, N. Y., requesting the presence of all the deaf-mutes of Washington and Saratoga counties at that village on the 27th of July, for the purpose of attending a religious service for their special benefit, and arrangements having been made to entertain them they are desired to remain over night and hold a picnic the following day. The service of Thursday evening will be conducted in Trinity Church, by Rev. Thomas B. Berry, and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, under whose efficient management the meeting will be very interesting and highly instructive. On the next day the picnic will take place under the most favorable arrangements for a day of genuine pleasure and healthful recreation. All the expense visitors will incur will be simply what it costs them in going and returning from Granville. Arrangements have, as we understand, been made for board and the night's lodging and the picnic will cost them nothing. The occasion offers to the aforesaid deaf-mutes a fine opportunity for renewing old associations, and forming new ones, and they cannot do better than to accept the general invitation, and devote the two days to rest and immense enjoyment.

If possible, ourself and better half will accept of our special invitation to attend and would be pleased to meet all the invited deaf-mutes at that time.

The Conference of Principals in Favor of the National Home.

The National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes is gradually growing in the favor of all true friends of the deaf and dumb. Like most benevolent projects for the accomplishment of charitable purposes, it has in the incipient stages of its early growth many discouragements to contend with, especially when appeals are made for its aid. But by patient and persevering efforts, its founders and friends will in due time witness the grand and noble results of their arduous labors.

The following, copied from the press dispatches, determines the good opinion with which the National Home is regarded by the Conference of Principals of Deaf-mute Institutions throughout the United States, which is now being held in the city of Philadelphia, Pa. It will be seen that many leading gentlemen deeply concerned in the welfare of the deaf and dumb are strongly in sympathy with the enterprise:

PHILADELPHIA, July 14.—A conference of the principals of the deaf and dumb institutions of the United States and Canada assembled this morning.

A resolution was adopted commending to the sympathy and support of all friends of deaf-mutes the National Home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes of New York city, and expressing a cordial approval of the enterprise. Dr. Turnbull made an address on deafness, illustrating his remarks with suitable models, and anatomical specimens of the ear.

The Stamp of Disapproval.

At Philadelphia, at the Conference of Principals, a long debate occurred on "The New Departure of the New York Institution." Though in the Belleville Convention sharp tactics staved off the discussion, it was a foregone conclusion this time. We have not received official report of the struggle in detail yet:

Who fought, who won, who bravely died. But the vote was TWENTY-SEVEN against, to FIVE in favor of the "new departure," with two members absent who were known to be against the plan.

Of course no one supposes this action will have any effect upon the New York Institution. It is a matter of economy with them, first, last and all the way through; but it is refreshing to know that the Principal of almost every other Institution in the country has recorded his disapproval of it.

Thanks to an Obliging Clerk.

Though the kindness of Charles O. Upham, the gentlemanly and efficient clerk in the Company's General Ticket Office at Watertown, N. Y., we have received the new map and time table of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R.R., including its various divisions together with its connections with different lines of other companies, under the arrangements of July 17th, 1876.

He Had Him Cornered.

At the Watertown Centennial Fourth of July, much merriment was produced by chasing the greased pig. The representative of his satanic possessed forefathers of ancient Galilee, finally ran his head through a ladder and was caught by one Fred N. Cogan, a deaf-mute, of Cape Vincent.

An Interesting Deaf-Mute Service.

CONFIRMATION AND COMMUNION.

The Rt. Rev. Wm. Croswell Doane, S. T. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Albany, made his annual visitation on July 11th, to Trinity Church, Potsdam, N. Y., where he was the guest of the Rev. H. K. Howard, Rector. This parish is the head of the work among the deaf-mutes of Northern New York; it is carried on by the Archdeacon, the Rev. G. C. Pennell, S. T. D. The deaf-mute Mr. Dr. Pennell in the church, at four o'clock on Tuesday and received instruction from him (in the sign language) as to Confirmation and the Holy Communion.

In the evening service was said, the Rector and the Reverends Messrs. Gross, Royce, Irwin and Rev. Mr. Nisbett, the assistant minister, officiating. The Bishop confirmed a class of thirty-three persons—five being deaf-mutes. He preached a very able and eloquent sermon, which Dr. Pennell translated into the sign-language.

Wednesday morning, the Bishop administered the Holy Communion, which quite a number of persons received. Thirteen deaf-mutes were among the number.

The Bishop expressed himself well pleased with the work, that had been done by the Rector and the Missionary, among the deaf-mutes.

Religious Service and Picnic at Granville, N. Y.

GRANVILLE, July 12, 1876.

To the Deaf-Mutes of Washington and Saratoga Counties, N. Y.:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I extend to you all a cordial invitation to my house in Granville on the 27th of July. The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will also be there, and we will hold a service for you on Thursday (27th) evening, in Trinity Church, and on Friday we will have a picnic. I will provide accommodation for those who can stay all night. Let all the deaf-mutes from Whitehall, Argyle, Saratoga, &c., rally to Granville July 27.

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS B. BERRY,

Rector of Trinity Church.

Catching a Wrecker.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A TRAIN—A DEAF AND DUMB MAN'S STORY.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says:

Etah is a small station on the Missouri Pacific Railway, seventy-one miles from St. Louis and eleven miles east of Hermann. Yesterday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, passenger train No. 3 on the Missouri Pacific road, in charge of Conductor Evedand, had just left Etah and got under full headway, when, in rounding a sharp curve, the engineer observed a man deposit something upon the track a hundred yards ahead, and then break for the fields at the top of his speed.

Visions of disaster passed rapidly through the engineer's brain, and not desiring to take any chances he immediately reversed the "machine," shut off steam and applied the air-brakes. But the obstruction was there, in most tangible form, and though the effort to prevent accident had been most creditable, it did not suffice, the distance being too short, and the engine struck an immense rock, that had been laid across the rails, and, after a jump or two, left the track.

Before the train had been stopped, however, the fireman had jumped from the engine and started in pursuit of the party who had taken to the fields. The chase was a brief one, for the stoker had the advantage in length of legs and determination, and he soon overhauled the wrecker, and, fastening upon him, brought him to the scene of the accident. The passengers in the train had been considerably shaken up by the sudden stoppage, and were out to a man, to ascertain the cause thereof and the amount of damage done, as it was evident something of a serious nature had occurred.

The vigilance of the engineer had prevented a serious catastrophe, for, had the train struck the obstruction while running at full speed, not only the engine, but the cars, must have toppled over a steep embankment which prevails at this point. As it was, the engine left the track, but the rate of speed was so low that, after running a short distance on the ties, it came to a halt. Within a hundred yards of where the train stopped was a bridge of 100 feet span over a creek. How serious might have been the wreck had there not been a careful and competent guide at the helm, can readily be seen.

There being a full supply of jack-screws and frogs about the train, the work of placing the engine on the rails was begun without loss of time, and within half an hour the train was ready to proceed on its journey toward St. Louis. The party, concerning whose guilt there was no doubt, was furnished close accommodations in the baggage-car and brought here, the last time being made up by the

train, and the depot being reached, according to schedule, at 6:25 o'clock. The wrecker was turned over to the tender mercies of Officer Henly, and by him conducted to the Four Courts.

It had been noticed that from the time of his arrest to the time of his being given into the hands of the police the man had not uttered a word, but the mystery was solved upon his arrival at the Four Courts. He was deaf and dumb. After an extended pencil dialogue Sergeant Rellett learned from the man that his name was John Bruhier, and that he lived near Etah. It was further ascertained that the fellow was more fool than knave.

He stated that he had been in company with a colored man in a field near the track when the latter had suggested the throwing of the train into the ditch, illustrating the result by falling down and rolling about. Bruhier thought it would be capital sport, and had acted on the suggestion, expecting to view the catastrophe from a distance sufficiently great to prevent injury to himself. When he had placed the stone on the rail and saw the train come steaming around the curve, he began to realize that the sport might become serious.

The Halifax, N. S., Deaf and Dumb Institution.

(From the Halifax Morning Herald, July 4, 1876.)

The annual examination of the above Institution was held in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, yesterday afternoon. At the appointed hour the hall was crowded with benevolent ladies and gentlemen who take a strong interest in those of our species who are unfortunately deprived of certain of what are ordinarily regarded as natural powers. At 3 o'clock Hon. D. McN. Parker took the chair, and Mr. Hutton, the Principal, gave the following abstract of the operations of the Institution during the past year:

Attendance.—Boys 27. Girls 11. Total 38. From New Brunswick, 7; from P. E. Island, 6; from Newfoundland, 1; from Halifax, 9; from Colchester, 4; from Cumberland, 3; from Hants, 2; from Pictou, 2; and 1 each from Kings, Annapolis, Lunenburg, and Shelburne.

Increase over last year, 4.

New Pupils.—Admitted 11. The largest number for some years. This includes one from Shelburne—for the first time. This completes the representation from the eighteen counties of the Province which have now all benefited by the Institution.

Health.—The health of the Institution during the past year has been generally good, and a marked improvement in this respect has been observed.

Reading Room and Sunday Services.—These for the adult mutes of this city and Dartmouth have been continued with interest and advantage, supplying to some extent literary, social and religious privileges hitherto inaccessible—similar in their kind to those afforded by the Y. M. C. Association and kindred bodies.

The thanks of all connected with the Institution are due to the publishers for a supply, gratis, of the daily and weekly papers of Halifax, and for the illustrated periodicals of the British American Tract Society. Donations of books are respectfully solicited. The Directors purpose sending shortly the Principal and some of the pupils as a deputation to Newfoundland to awaken interest in the education of deaf-mutes, as there are known to be in that Colony a number of uneducated persons of this unfortunate class.

Mr. Hutton then remarked that, although a programme of exercises had been prepared (printed by the pupils of the Institution), and distributed to all present, it would be impossible, owing to the lateness of the hour, to adhere strictly thereto, but the pupils would be examined in such branches as would illustrate the various stages of progress.

About two hours were then occupied in testing the proficiency of the pupils in writing, sign-language, arithmetic, geography, history, current events, etc. They showed a remarkable and creditable degree of acquaintance with all these branches of knowledge.

The examination having been concluded, Hon. Dr. Parker, President of the Board of Directors, distributed the prizes—which consisted principally of books—to the successful pupils. The following is a

LIST OF PRIZE.

INTELLECTUAL DEPARTMENT.

Junior Class.

1. John Kelly, Moncton, N. B.

2. Clinton Donkin, Annapolis, N. S.

Second Class.

1. J. J. Dunlop, Lower Village, Truro.

2. Edward Roberts, Parrsboro', Cumberland.

Third Class.

1. James Gardener, Newfoundland (highest number of good marks in the school.)

2. Minnie Mosher, St. Croix, Hants.

3. Graham P. Logan, Halifax.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

1. Printing.

Even McKay, P. E. Island.

2. Garden and Out-door Work.

Ira Ward, Newport, Hants.

3. Sewing and Housework.

Rose Kelly, Moncton, N. B.

After distributing the prizes the Hon. President made a few remarks. He congratulated the scholars on their proficiency and uniform good behaviour, and the teachers on their success. He hoped that all would enjoy their vacation, which is to commence to-morrow, Wednesday, and be prepared to return at the opening of the next term refreshed and encouraged to continue their important work. He then addressed the visitors and friends assembled. He thanked those pupils who had during the past year kindly collected over \$200 towards the building fund of the Institution. Two years since an epidemic of diphtheria appeared in the Institution, and a number of the pupils were endangered thereby. It was then impossible, owing to being cramped for room, to separate the healthy from those who were ill. An addition was then made to the building, which will in future make it possible to provide against contagion by separating patients from the other inmates. Doing this, however, involved the building fund in a heavy debt (\$8,202), of which \$1,283.81 still remains unpaid. He hoped that each person present would consider himself or herself a collector among their friends, and that all would so exert themselves that this debt would be paid off before the next year came around. The friends of the Institution should congratulate themselves on retaining the services of Mr. Hutton. A large institution of the kind in Edinburgh had offered him the office of Superintendent and Manager, and for a time the Directors feared that he would accept the flattering offer, but he had decided to stay here for the present, at least.

The exercises then closed by the pupils repeating the Lord's Prayer, under the leadership of Mr. Logan, a former pupil and a graduate of the Institution.

The Deaf-mute Literary Association of Toronto.

(From the Daily Globe, Toronto, June 30, 1876.)

An entertainment, for the benefit of this institution, was given last night in Shaftesbury Hall. The attendance was not so large as it might have been. The chair was occupied by Dr. J. George Hodgkins, who in a few introductory remarks explained the objects of the institution, its benefits, and its progress. He also appealed to those present to take an interest in the undertaking. Professor Greene, of the Belleville Institute, who is himself a deaf-mute, delivered an interesting address in signs; Dr. Palmer, of that Institution, who is President of the Toronto Association, acting as interpreter as Professor Greene went along. The address gave some facts with regard to the invention of the deaf and dumb alphabet by a French Abbe in 1760, and its subsequent progress throughout the world. There are at present fifty institutions in the United States and Canada, seven of them being in the Dominion, Belleville alone accommodating 223 pupils. After Professor Greene's address, an interesting essay written by Richard Slater, the Secretary, was read by Dr. Palmer, which was declared by all to be a convincing proof of the benefits to be derived through the institution. The essay went to settle the question as to whether it were worse to be blind or deaf; the essayist declaring as his opinion that of two evils deafness was the worse. Professor Greene then recited, in signs, "Christ stilling the Tempest," and his effort was received with marked favor by the audience. Dr. Palmer then called forth some of the pupils of the Belleville Institute, and by the exercises showed what progress could be made in the way of teaching these unfortunate children, and the way in which it was done. This part of the programme was both interesting and affecting to a great degree. An amusing part was a recitation by signs, descriptive of the passions, emotions, occupations, &c., Dr. Palmer giving the names and Professor Greene giving descriptions, which he did to perfection. Dr. Carlyle, of this city, then gave an account of the examination made by him of pupils of the Belleville Institute and the wonderful proficiency attained in so short a time. Professor McGann, of the Institute at Belleville, also addressed to the meeting a few words in reference to this institution, and the necessity of supporting it. Dr. Palmer explained that the Toronto organization had now got a good place to meet in, properly furnished, but that donations would be very thankfully received. After the amusing dialogue and pantomime by Messrs. Greene and Wallbridge, which afforded great amusement, "God save the Queen," was repeated by the mutes in sign language, and the meeting dispersed.

Col. Price's Marriages.

A MILLIONAIRE WHO CHANGED HIS WIVES TO SUIT HIS CONVENIENCE.

Justice Pratt, in Brooklyn, yesterday, refused the application of the third wife of the late millionaire brewer, Col. W. W. Price, for the custody of her eldest child.

The history of the Colonel's marriages is perhaps the most peculiar in the records of New York litigation. He abandoned a wife in England, and came to New York poor. Here he married, and after having had two children by his second wife he procured a decree declaring the marriage null and void, on the ground that his first wife, whom he believed to be dead, was alive.

Soon afterward Col. Price was again conveniently assured that his first wife was really dead, and he married a third time. There were two children by this marriage, both girls, and both deaf-mutes. When he grew tired of this last arrangement he again discovered that he had been misinformed as to the demise of his original wife, and procured another decree declaring his third marriage voidable and null and void thereafter, the children's legitimacy being thus secured.

The third wife took the youngest girl, and consented that the father should keep the elder. In June last, Mr. Price died, having appointed guardians testamentary for the elder child, to whom he left \$50,000.

The third wife brought the child into court on a writ of habeas corpus, and asked for its custody. It was alleged among other things that two of her guardians were the children by the second marriage, to whom her \$50,000 would go in case of her death before reaching full age, and that it was not safe to leave the child in such guardianship.

Judge Pratt gave leave to petitioner to apply upon the same papers to any Judge of the Fourth District for the relief sought.—N. Y. Paper.

What the Pupils Were Doing Last Year at the Halifax, N. S., Deaf and Dumb Institution.

Programme of Studies, Session 1875-6.

FIRST OR JUNIOR CLASS.

(STANDING, 3 months to 10 months. AGES, 8 to 19 years.)

1. ALPHABET. Have learnt the Manual, Script and Printed Alphabets.

2. PENMANSHIP. A lesson daily from Staples' Copybooks.

3. LANGUAGE LESSONS. (1) Dr. I. L. Peet's Language Lessons, first 84 pages. (2) Jacobs' Primary Lessons for Deaf-mutes, Part I., the names of objects and phrases, illustrated by cuts. (3) Dr. Scott's Lessons for Deaf-mutes, occasional lessons from the first forty pages. (4) Writing from actions, and miscellaneous practical questions in the use of language, including a few simple, common questions.

4. ARITHMETIC. Numeration, with real objects—counting from 1 to 300. Easy sums in simple addition.

5. RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION. Lessons in signs on Scripture prints, and names of leading persons in Bible history.

SECOND CLASS.

Junior Division.

(STANDING, 11 months to six years. AGES, 11 to 17 years.)

1. PENMANSHIP. A lesson daily from Staples' Copybooks.

2. LANGUAGE LESSONS. (1) Hutton's Deaf-mute's Question Book, first 25 pages. (2) Occasional lessons from Latham's Lessons for Deaf-mutes. (3) Commands and phrases from Hutton's Language Lessons. (4) Stories from Keel's Lessons. (5) Dr. I. Lewis Peet's Language Lessons, first 80 pages. (6) Extempore exercises and writing from actions.

3. RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION. Hutton's Elementary Course, first 25 pages. Lessons in signs on Scripture prints.

4. ARITHMETIC. Easy exercises in numeration and addition.

Senior Division.

(STANDING, 4½ years. AGE, 14.)

1. PENMANSHIP. Same as Junior Division.

2. LANGUAGE LESSONS. (1) Hutton's Question Book. (2) Commands and other exercises from Hutton's Language Lessons. (3) Cassell's "Picture Teaching," to page 58. (4) "Children's Letters" from the New York Weekly Witness. (5) Description of Pictures. (6) Writing from actions, and miscellaneous extempore exercises in the use of language.

3. RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION. (1) Hutton's Primary Catechism. (2) Scripture names and characters.

4. ARITHMETIC. Easy exercises in addition, subtraction and multiplication.

Articulation Class.

Two semi-mutes have been under instruction a few months. Have learnt to pronounce and to write, (1) the names of objects in the schoolroom, (2) phrases formed of adjectives and nouns, and (3) a few easy sentences.

THIRD OR HIGHEST CLASS.

First Division.

STANDING, average about 3½ years. AGES, 13 to 21 years.

1. PENMANSHIP.

2. LANGUAGE LESSONS. Peet's Course, Part III, History of Man, p. 6-28. (2) Cassell's Picture Teaching, for reading lessons. (3) Writing from actions and other extempore exercises in composition. (4) Description of pictures, and Stories from Keel's Lessons, &c. (5) Letter-writing. (6) Hutton's Deaf-mute's Question Book, and practice in conversation.

3. ARITHMETIC. The four simple rules. White's Primary Arithmetic.

GEOGRAPHY. Questions on Hutton's Geography—introductory ideas and exercises, 18 pages.

5. RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Hutton's Deaf-mute's Primary Catechism, to page 35.

Second Division.

STANDING, average about 5 years. AGES, 13 to 18 years.

1. PENMANSHIP.

2. LANGUAGE LESSONS. (1) Peet's Course, Part III, History of Animals, pages 52-91, embracing short lessons on between 70 and 80 Quadrupeds. (2) Composition exercises on some 500 or 600 words and phrases occurring in the foregoing. (3) "Children's Letters" in the New York Weekly Witness. (4) Stories, news of the day, and various extempore exercises. (5) Letter-writing. (6) Conversation, Hutton's Deaf-mute's Question Book.

3. ARITHMETIC. Simple addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. White's Primary Arithmetic. Hutton's Arithmetical Exercises.

4. GEOGRAPHY. Questions on Hutton's Geography, 32 pages, (a little book printed by the pupils at the Institution.)

5. RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION. Hutton's Catechism. Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, &c.

Third Division.

STANDING, average 6½ years. AGES, 14 to 16 years.

1. PENMANSHIP.

2. LANGUAGE LESSONS. (1) M. S. Phrase Book and examples on various forms, idioms and phrases. (2) Composition. Descriptions of Things, Definitions of Words, Stories from the Elements, and Letter-writing. (3) Conversation. News of the day. (4) Grammar—Swinton's Primary Lessons.

3. OBJECT LESSONS. Things Taught, by Dr. M. E. Lillenthal and R. Allyn pp. 7-36. Names, materials, colors, numbers, qualities and actions of things. Manner and time of actions. Classification of things, parts of things, means and ends, motives and consequences, cause and effect, exercises in composition, &c.

4. ARITHMETIC. Simple and compound rules, tables of money, weights and measures, simple proportion, simple interest, fractions. Text book used—Hutton's Exercises, and White's Intermediate Arithmetic.

5. GEOGRAPHY AND ASTRONOMY. Hutton's Geography. General view of the world, definitions of terms, etc. Calkin's Geography, "The Earth as a Planet," the Solar System.

6. HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY. Leading facts in English history. Brief notices of celebrated names. Eminent persons of modern times.

7. RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Lessons from the Book of Samuel and the Acts, from the International Series.

Fourth Division.

This division consists of two pupils—one in articulation, and belonging strictly to the Junior Division of the Second Class, but taught in this class for special reason. The latter has studied Mr. Keel's Lessons and Hutton's Deaf-mute's Question Book.

One boy in this class has been practising in speaking during the year, and recites his lessons in part orally.

(The annual examination occurred July 3d, 1876.)

Synopsis of Closing Sermon,

BY ISAAC LEWIS PEET, LL.D., PRINCIPAL OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, SUNDAY, JUNE 25, 1876.

"I go the way of all the earth. Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man. And keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes and commandments and judgments, and his testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself."—1 Kings ii, 23.

The text is the beginning of that remarkable charge which the great and good King David, when he was dying, gave to his son Solomon, who was to succeed him on the throne.

Hitherto, Solomon had lived a quiet life, receiving education, not as a soldier but as a student, in preparation for that wonderful reign which was to typify the second coming of Christ on earth. His father had been a great warrior, but his mission was peace. He was to preserve the past and secure the future. No longer under the protection and guidance of his faithful guardian and friend, he was to walk alone, to lead and not be led. David, therefore, counselled him to be strong and show himself a man.

Strength is a quality, which, when rightly directed, always excites admiration.

Physical strength enables us to protect ourselves and others. It gives us power to endure and to perform. Under many circumstances, we rely upon the man who is physically strong.

Intellectual strength shows itself in observation, attention, concentration of mind, reflection, judgment, assertion and activity.

Moral strength enables a person who knows his duty to do it. It is like the house built upon the rock; against which the storms, rage in vain. It is also like the staunch ship that makes the tempest serve it, in helping it on its way. The man of moral strength is truthful, honest, virtuous, temperate, magnanimous, just and kind. He is not jealous, self-seeking, cruel, or proud. He keeps the law of God. But this is not all. He endeavors to put down evil, not only by counsel and example, but by exposing it within the sphere of his responsibility. He does not officiously enter the domain of others, but he does his whole duty within the lines appointed to him. He minds his own business, but he does his business well, and he sees to it that those under him do theirs. As a Christian, he recommends the religion of the Savior, by a beautiful life, and at the same time he seeks out and tries to save those in danger of being lost.

All these kinds of strength are good, but moral strength is the best of the three. To a certain extent, it involves both physical and mental strength, for it leads a man to observe those laws of God which are designed to promote them.

It is this kind of strength which makes a man. You do not see it in the inferior animals. You do not see it in those human beings whom we call brutes. It is this kind of strength which woman has equally with man, if not in a higher degree, and it was this which David meant when he gave his charge to Solomon.

In this Centennial year, when Our Nation has become strong in all the elements of physical greatness, the hearts of the people are turned to the importance of this subject. They are anxious that the men and women of this country should have moral strength, and they demand that the men whom they entrust with the cares and duties of government shall be chosen with reference to it.

And to those of you, dear friends, who are no longer to be under our fostering care, this is the strength which this Institution commends, as you go into the world to face its difficulties and dangers. The circumstances which have surrounded you hitherto, are like those which have surrounded Solomon, up to the time of his father's death. Your life, heretofore, has been but a preparation for the future, under ever-vigilant guardianship and protection. Henceforward you will have to depend principally upon your own exertions, and it is peculiarly appropriate to say to each of you to-day, as David did to Solomon, "Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from A. W. Mann.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., July 14, 1876.
FRIEND RIDER:—I see that my subscription expires July 26. Please keep my name on your books, and I will send along the money pretty soon.

I sent several copies I had of my own to several mutes, with postal cards accompanying, telling them if they liked them, and wished to subscribe, they could send the money to you.

Mr. Mann and I shall leave for Corning, Adams county, Iowa, where one of my brothers lives. I shall stay only a short time, then hurry back to my work. Will you please change the address of the JOURNAL to that place for a while, or rather until otherwise requested, as Mrs. Mann will remain in Iowa for some time.

My next service in Milwaukee will be held (D. V.) on the 23d inst. On the 30th I hope to be in Chicago.

I shall miss Mr. Hibbard very much. I thought very much of him, as did those who knew his acquirements and disposition. The way seemed to be opening for him to a better position—one befitting his talents. I had often wished to see him in the ranks of journalism, where he could most certainly have made a splendid reputation as a writer. His forte seemed to be the painting of the human character in words. His sense of the humorous and ridiculous was very keen.

If I can get enough of his early life to make a short sketch, I will send it along at an early day.

Yours fraternally,
A. W. MANN.

From Jersey City to Freehold, via Keyport.

NOTES BY A PUPIL OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Having decided to leave the hot and sultry city for the more pleasant clime of the country, our party which consisted of the tremendous number of two, packed our carpet bags, stuffing the sides out with various things, till the bags were ready to burst. Well, at last, we got off, and went down to the foot of Montgomery St., Jersey City, to the Pennsylvania RR. depot, intending to go by railroad, but after talking with the ticket agent we found that our purses were not as fat as they should be before starting on a journey, and thought it would be best to take a ride on a steamboat. To do so, we were obliged to cross over to New York. In that city we floundered around for some time in the attempt to find the boat. We inquired of one man, who sent us in the wrong direction; then we tried another, who did better, as he directed us so that we were enabled to reach the elegant and commodious steamer, Mattewan, which daily plows the raging main between New York and Keyport.

Before going on board we laid in a stock of peanuts, and had a real nice time eating them on the way, and throwing the shells on the deck for the noble deck hand to sweep up. I have no doubt but that he greatly enjoyed it, as it would be a pleasant recreation for him.

I must not forget to mention a laughable incident that took place on the boat. Here it comes as fast as the famous one horned galootscooting over the prairies. A boy, apparently about twelve or fourteen years old, not having the fear of the Lord before his eyes, liked peanuts so well, that when the vender's back was turned he thrust his hand into her basket and took out a handful of the ground nuts. But that vender appeared to be argus-eyed, and seemed to see as well in the rear as in front. Alas! for that boy's expectations! She caught him just as he was about to put them in his capacious pocket. He dropped the peanuts as if they were hot shot, and like a prudent general wisely retreated from a superior force, and took refuge behind his iron clads, (his parents) and there awaited events. Now, what do you think this argus-eyed fellow did? Well, she filled both hands with the delicious peanuts and walked straight up to this misguided youth and offered them to him. But I guess that little boy was really good at heart, and had not forgotten the lessons he had taken from his mother's slipper, plied by a vigorous hand, and so he refused to take them. The good old lady look surprised, and said, "Why, what's the matter? Don't you like them?" The boy looked awfully foolish as he slowly and sadly shook his head and said, "No."

At length we reached Keyport, and took the stage for Freehold. We had a splendid ride through the country, passing fields of golden-hued wheat, some of which was already laid low by the sickle and cradle; (mind now, your readers must not confound this cradle with a baby's). While here and there was a field all cut and sheaved, and also in sight were waving fields of corn. They presented a beautiful sight. Ah! I don't see how those who have once lived in the country can forsake the lovely green fields for the hot and stifling city! We can judge by those who do so that the fools are not all dead yet.

Things went on real pleasantly until we reached Mattewan, a village about three miles from Freehold, at which place the stage driver came around for the fares. We had paid for all the way through to Freehold, on board the boat, but were not aware that we were obliged to keep the tickets for the stage, and so gave them to the ticket collector on the boat. We explained matters to the stage driver, and there were several ladies in the stage who saw us give the tickets up on the boat, and told the fellow so; but that mean old Jehu would not believe either us or the ladies, and told us that we must either pay again or get out and walk. We chose the latter alternative, but did not relish our walk at all.

During the severe thunder storm that

took place on the 11th inst., the lightning struck the spire of the village church at Jerseyville, and damaged it considerably. The wind blew down the choice apple tree of a neighboring farmer.

I trust all the pupils of the N. Y. Institution are enjoying themselves as much as I am.
Sr. ELMO.
July 13th, 1876.

The Deaf-Mutes' Industrial Home.

From a New England Correspondent.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Sir: I have now decided to express my thoughts about various matters that may interest many readers of your precious paper.

By way of introduction, I would say that the JOURNAL is a dear treasure, highly prized by the deaf-mutes. They always welcome its weekly appearance with their whole hearts. I do not hesitate to say that your subscriptions will keep on steadily increasing.

I notice that nearly all the deaf-mute ministers of New England are opposed to the charitable plan Mr. Swett is working at to accomplish good for poor deaf-mutes. What a vast difference there is between the Industrial Home and an almshouse! The Home means a place where poor mutes can find employment and earn a trifle and where their minds may become enlightened by religious instruction. The almshouse is a place where poor deaf-mutes work hard for nothing, and where the light of their souls soon becomes obscured because the keepers and attendants scarcely ever know how to talk with them, and never care to learn how to do so. They are more attentive to the hearing inmates, while the mutes are left in the background. When we pause to look over the subject we shudder at the idea of any deaf-mute being obliged to seek refuge in the almshouse. The opposers of the Industrial Home must have forgotten the principle of that charity inculcated in their Bible lessons, or they would not turn their backs upon such beautiful and holy teachings. Some deaf-mute societies fearing that the Home might be an injury to them, desired that Mr. Swett should not intrude upon their grounds. It looks plain to me that they lack confidence in God. If they had faith to believe that God would overrule all things for the best, they would not try to hinder others while trying to accomplish anything that is for the public good.

I see that many deaf-mutes are longing to have some of their own class of people ordained for ministers instead of having so many hearing and speaking persons preach for them. I hope their wishes will soon be realized.

You would be greatly surprised if you knew how very many deaf-mutes are at the present time suffering intensely for want of the necessities of life, caused by the lack of work. Let us charitably relieve as many of them as possible by helping them to employment. God help them in their trials. But we ought to do what we can for them. I am full of faith in the ultimate success of the Industrial Home.

A Letter from Iowa.

HEAVY FLOODS—THE DEAF AND DUMB OF ANAMOSA.

MARION, IOWA, July 8th, 1876.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL: I notice a mistake in my correspondence that was recently published in your paper. I am not married. It was my cousin, Wm. P. Evans, who married Miss Amelia Rogers. He is a farmer. They live four and a half miles north of Cedar Rapids, and three and a half west from this place. They are doing very well. On the third inst., in company with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Evans and their children, I went to Anamosa to spend the Fourth of July and to visit the deaf-mutes. We went with their own carriage and horses. Anamosa is eighteen miles east of Marion. We arrived at the house of Mr. Samuel A. Lewis, about dinner time. We found the family all well and apparently enjoying life. Mr. Lewis and his wife are very kind and respectable people. They have three very fine appearing children, two of whom are grown up and the other a small child, Mrs. Lewis' maiden name was Miss Emily E. Hill, and she says she knows you well.

I inspected the penitentiary. The convicts seem to live well and are provided with good care.

At midnight on the Fourth we had an awful and terrific storm which produced a great flood. In many places crops were badly damaged and numerous trees blown down. The "Petroleum" South Western Railroad which runs through Marion and Cedar Rapids, had many of its bridges washed away. They are being re-built, and it is expected that the trains will be running regularly again in a few days. The wagon road was flooded with about four feet of water, and we could not get back home. We finally arrived all safe and sound last Friday.

Samuel A. Lewis and his wife, Ed. and Edith, and his wife, Mrs. Hills, Mr. Perkins, and Mrs. Benrose, an uneducated deaf-mute woman, are all residents of Anamosa. Mr. Booth is editor and proprietor of the *Anamosa Eureka*, a weekly paper of considerable influence. The uneducated lady married an Englishman and they have eight children. All the children of the Anamosa deaf-mutes can hear and speak. These deaf-mutes are all comfortably situated. They speak well of the JOURNAL, and consider it superior to all other deaf-mute papers.

I am going to drive my horse and buggy out to Cedar Rapids this afternoon to see a cousin of mine, who is a whole-sale and retail piano agent.

GEORGE W. EVANS.

—The Price Current says new green apples bring \$3.50 per barrel. They bring the doctor and a saddlebag full of cholera medicine, too.

Letter from Wisconsin.

SPRINGVILLE, Wis., July 11th, 1876.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I believe you would do me a favor by publishing the news found below, in relation to some deaf-mutes of Western Illinois. On the 3d inst., I rode to LaCrosse, a city of about 1,200 inhabitants and situated about thirty miles north-west of this place. I spent the Fourth there. The Centennial Fourth at LaCrosse was one of the grandest and most elaborate celebrations anywhere in the West. I there met with five deaf-mutes. They all enjoyed themselves greatly in viewing the day's and evening's celebration.

One of the mutes, named George French, who graduated from the Wisconsin Institution in 1870, is a well-to-do farmer, and also a cooper by trade.

Another, a Norwegian named Lars Guttormson, attended a deaf-mute school in Christiania, Norway. He is a very good shoemaker and an industrious workman, and lives in the city of LaCrosse. Last month, by invitation, he attended the Wisconsin Deaf-mute Alumni Society, which was recently formed at Delevang. Many of the deaf-mutes, who emigrated from Norway to Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, have become naturalized citizens of our great republic and free country.

One of the five I met was P. Hibberd, who has recently left the Institution, with a certificate of honor, and is going to exercise his rights of free citizenship by starting in trade for himself.

Another of the party, J. Johnson, is a good shoemaker. During this summer he is helping his father on a farm.

Isabella Drake well known in the city as the "LaCrosse Queen," on account of her beauty and politeness, was formerly a pupil at the Wisconsin Institution.

I paid Dr. Ballard a brief visit on the evening of the Fourth. The doctor is a brother of Mr. Ballard, a teacher in the Primary Department of the National Deaf-mute College, at Washington, D. C. He gave me an interesting account of a man's attempt to commit suicide. The would-be suicideist placed a gun beneath his chin and fired. The ball passed through his chin, and instead of penetrating his brain as he had probably intended it should, came out at his mouth.

A portion of his lower right jaw bone was fractured, and some of his teeth knocked out. Dr. Ballard was called, and the man expressed regret that he had not successfully accomplished the fatal deed, but finally repented the rash act and hoped for recovery. Now comes a case where the manual alphabet is made to do the talking for one who is neither deaf nor dumb nor a semi-mute. Injury to the natural organs of speech cut off the unfortunate victim's usual mode of communication. But having learned the deaf-mute alphabet he was enabled to converse with the Dr. by employing his fingers for that purpose. The man's face was terribly lacerated and presented a ghastly appearance. I, for one, think it would be worth while for people who are not mutes to learn the manual alphabet, so that in cases similar to the above, they may talk by the use of their hands. [Just so; but we hope after learning the alphabet, they will not intentionally shoot themselves for the sake of bringing their newly learned language into practice.—Ed.]

I learn that Mr. De Motte, Superintendent of the Wisconsin Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, started this week for the Centennial Exhibition. I think of going to Washington next September, and while on my way shall probably visit the Centennial at Philadelphia.

In conclusion, I will say that I prefer the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL to all other deaf-mute papers, and consider it the best paper for deaf-mutes in the whole Union for general reading. Yours truly,
LARS M. LARSON.

A Letter from Texas—Why Mr. Van Nostrand Lost his Position in the Institution.

MEXIA, TEXAS, July 2, 1876.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Dear Sir: I will now write a few items for publication in your valuable paper.

Mr. Van Nostrand, Superintendent of the Texas Institution for Deaf-mutes, was removed from no fault of his own, nor for any other reason only because the position is one that pays a good salary, and the Governor wanted to fill the position by providing for one of his partisan friends. The new incumbent is totally unfit for the place, and the Governor may desire to replace him by the one for whom he was substituted, as Mr. Van Nostrand had for a long time been one of the Directors, and gave general satisfaction.

PARISH.

Very hot weather during the past week. Farmers busy haying. Cows shrinking in milk.

Last Wednesday and Thursday evenings Mr. H. L. Hurlbut lectured on temperance at the church. He favored moral suasion exclusively. He denounced political prohibitionists as impracticable. The traffic in ardent spirits is so much interwoven in our law we do not see how we can get rid of it in any other way than by political action. Our license laws are strange and singular laws. They profess to be founded upon the principle of prohibition, but instead of coming out frankly and meeting prohibition the people have delegated the power of prohibition to a few individuals providing the individual will pay thirty dollars, or more, for the blessed privilege of exercising the power, and everybody knows how the power has been exercised. Comparatively it has not been exercised at all. Such supreme nonsense as our license laws should be immediately swept from our statute books.

ODD,

Parish, July 17, 1876.

The Virginia Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institution.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

From the Staunton Vindicator.

The closing exercises of the session at this State school under its most efficient Principal, Capt. C. D. McCoy, commenced on Tuesday night with a concert, vocal and instrumental, given by the blind pupils under the supervision of Prof. A. J. Turner, the musical instructor, and closed Wednesday with the usual examinations. This institution began operations in the latter part of 1839, with two pupils in each department, in uncomfortable wooden buildings, one on Augusta street opposite the Court House, and the other in the house at the bridge on Main street, now occupied by S. M. Wilkes. The schools now number 127 pupils, 90 in the Deaf-Mute department, and 37 in the Blind, and occupy commodious and beautifully located buildings in the Eastern suburbs. The main building was completed in 1845; in 1857 the Chapel wing was built and in 1859 the Shop building. In 1874 the Laundry building was erected and equipped with improved machinery, and during the past year the most important and necessary addition of all has been put up.

This new building contains in the basement commodious bath rooms and water closets; on the first story, a large, light kitchen, bakery and store room; on the second story a dining room 12 feet pitch lighted and aired by 17 large windows; (the pupils occupy thirteen round tables); on the third story a capital suite of rooms with modern improvements for an infirmary. The building is connected on every story with the girl's wing and the Chapel extension by large double porches. For years there had been the most deplorable lack of dormitory and schoolroom accommodations. Fifteen boys have been sleeping in a narrow hall with one window. The new building has accomplished the removal of these into comfortable quarters, and has provided for twenty more pupils than could heretofore be accommodated at all.

The kitchen was formerly so dismal and dark that it required the light of a candle to distinguish an ordinary fly from a black-eyed pea, and being immediately under the main buildings the odors certified to every occupant what his dinner would be long before it was served. There is now accommodations for the sick among these classes of people who need specially good nursing; three years ago there were at one time seventy cases of measles. It has all along been necessary to use the pupils' sitting rooms for school rooms. No debt has been incurred in these improvements.

THE CONCERT.

A very large audience was assembled in the Institution Chapel, Tuesday night, to hear the concert, brought together by the established reputation of this institution for good music. The programme was selected with Prof. Turner's admirable taste, and was finely rendered. In the instrumental music we cannot speak too highly of the overture to "La Dame Blanche," the overture to the "Caliph of Bagdad," and the "Venus Reigen," was fairly done. The singing of this young lady, scarcely twelve years old, is extraordinary, exhibiting a wonderful sweetness of tone, and flexibility, and its rapid improvement gives the hope that we shall have graduated from a Virginia Institution, a vocalist who shall be famous.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

It is at the final examination at this institution that one can appreciate the wonderful results of the work going on. The articulation class of Mr. Turner, in the deaf-mute department, literally shows the dumb speaking; the reading by the blind, with an elocution which is both good and rapid; the extraordinary examination in mental Mathematics by the blind, in Mr. Doyle's class, and then the general classes, which are not unlike those in other schools of high grade, except that the pupils are deaf-mutes or blind, though we witness them every year, each time impressing us more strongly with the value of this beneficence of the Commonwealth, which gives to her afflicted children eyes to the blind and speech to the mute.

To give an idea of the public exhibition we will state that in Mr. W. D. Cooke's deaf-mute class, Misses Mary Steers, Ida L. Dowell, J. W. Keyser and W. M. Laey gave off the blackboard a rapid and correct part of the British campaign in America in 1777; in Mr. C. W. S. Turner's articulation class of deaf-mutes, sentences were written on the blackboard in French, Latin, German, English and Greek, and clearly pronounced by Eugene Arthur, a deaf-mute pupil from Danville. Rev. Dr. Manly, who was present, wrote a sentence in Hebrew, which was also read out with ease; in Mr. T. S. Doyle's class, Reese Dook, a blind pupil, demonstrated the "pons asinorum," the old 47th proposition in Euclid, with ease, and some other scholars of the same teacher read French from the raised type with ease.

The reading by Eddy Beale and Frank Shinnell, of Mr. Geiger's classes, and Ruby Nowlin and Katy Ayres, of Miss Kerr's classes, was something wonderful. In the case of Miss Ayres, a linen handkerchief being spread over the page, she read with the same ease as if only the naked letters were there.

Misses Lola Burks and Emma Read, of Miss Kerr's class in geography, were examined on the raised maps, both by the Principal and by gentlemen of the audience, and gave evidence of the most careful training and diligent study.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

These dangerously hot days bring into prominence a department of the exposition which at another season might be overlooked. A visitor standing in the shade of the Japanese house with its curious bazaar of carved trinkets will notice a covered wagon driven at a wild rate down the avenue. The wagon stops before an unpretentious building which spans a merry little brook, and the conveyance having been rapidly turned about and backed up to the door two or three men with fans in their hands jump down, and three or four more rush from the office. The back of the wagon is let down and in that easy way which experience has taught, a drooping human form is lifted out and borne into the building. This is the office of the medical service, and a very important department it is. The number of cases on some days amounts to forty or fifty. Last Saturday four very serious cases of sunstroke were taken to it for treatment, and on Monday forenoon two more. The majority of cases, however, result from improper diet, excitement, the drinking of ice water and the like, and are easily managed.

To foreign eyes there is nothing, perhaps, more curious than the American custom of drinking. Ice water is almost a national beverage, and our people drink it with as much impunity and apparent delight as a German does his beer. To those accustomed to it there is little or no danger, and certainly no one will suffer from the mild variety found in most of the Centennial tanks. The men who sell it "flavored with ice—pay what you like," have the only article which need be treated with much caution.

Beside the suffering from the heat, there are, of course, a variety of accidents which call for medical attendance. The other day a man was killed by the cars which run the circuit of the ground, and numerous other accidents, notwithstanding all precautions, have occurred from the same cause. Then, too, people will venture into unsafe places and fall. Only yesterday a young man climbed out upon a projection on Machinery Hall, and becoming dizzy, fell a considerable distance receiving serious though not fatal injuries.

The city has been suffering unusually from the heat. According to statistics the summer has had but one equal in the century past. Last week, which was before the cruelty as well as absurdity of street parades began to be realized, two hundred and thirty-eight deaths from sunstroke were reported. At present there is a lull in public demonstrations, and will be probably until this sweltering heat is past. No one who was in this oven on the Fourth ought to growl because the President chose to absent himself. How does it profit a man to be President if he must undergo such tortures?

Everywhere people try to be comfortable. Dandies forget themselves and strip off vests and collars. There is, however, no lack of politeness usually, and irritability does not seem to increase with the heat. The police and centennial guards are really marvels in the way of patience and accommodation. A very strong force is constantly on duty. Standing at the door of our hotel it is impossible to see a great distance on account of the crowd, and yet I count six officers scattered at regular distances along the walks. As the crowd increases, the police force will increase. The grounds are equally well guarded. Watchmen dodge around corners constantly, and are all but ubiquitous. It is no wonder that not more than two or three thefts of goods on exhibition have occurred, and the fact that the detectives claim they have never experienced a duller season, is not so strange as the contrary would be.

I was saying that courtesy is the rule. There are some examples, however, of what our French cousins have been pleased to call American manners. I spent half an hour to-day watching the management of the Bureau for Information. Every one who asked a question here might be thankful if the presiding genius did not yield to his evident inclination and throw a butcher knife at him. This august personage is extremely short in his manners, and for the protection of the public is kept in a cage by the Centennial managers. But for the dirty shirt and pair of pants which he wears he would be arrested for improper exposure of his person. More interesting by half are the people who seek this resort for information and relief. The first man who comes in has had his pass taken from him at the gate, and has been refused admission. An attendant is sent to inquire into the case. The next fellow is having trouble with his pass. When he went out yesterday he got a return ticket, and not having used that he neglected to get one to-day. But it seems that the color of the return passes is changed every day, and now he can't get back with that purple-tinted card. He is curtly informed by the man in the cage that there is no help for it, and he goes away growling, that after chasing all over the middle States to get his pass signed, countersigned, stamped and punched, it will cost him more than an ordinary ticket, to which the amiable official adds that that is usually the case. Next is some one who has an account to cash, and then some one who wants to find some one else until the vinegar disposition of the manager is finally accounted for.

N. E. P.

Philadelphia, July 14, 1876.

—Next Tuesday evening the young people of Colosse purpose making a trip across the Atlantic, accompanied by a gentleman from Mexico. If the winds be favorable they will return the same night. They are anticipating the voyage with a good deal of interest. Those who are subject to sea sickness will do well to refrain from eating rich food two or three days before sailing. The vessel will leave port precisely at 8 o'clock.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

China and Japan at the Exposition—How their Progress in Art Compare—Some Japanese Screens and Pictures—The Japs a Humorous People—The Hot Weather.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, July 17, 1876.

Of all the exhibits on the Centennial grounds those of China and Japan embrace some of the most curious and novel. There are many things in the Government building and in all the other buildings of greater interest and more instructive to the majority of visitors; but when it comes to mere curiosity and admiration of odd ingenuity, the Chinese and Japanese get the palm. The displays of these two nationalities in the main building are closely associated in the public mind, but the resemblance is more apparent than real, and the mingling of interest in the two departments is no more than a general attraction towards all things strange and curious. It has already been demonstrated that the majority of people only go to the Exposition to be amused, and, taking that ingenious view of the Fair, they do not bother themselves about distinctions, but coolly place all the "barbarians" on the same plane. But the more discriminating visitor scarcely need to be told that there are in fact not as many points of resemblance as of difference between the Japanese and Chinese. The superiority of the former race was never made more clear than in the present contrast of their capacities, and their points of divergence are very curious. The propensity of the departments offers the best opportunity for comparative display, and although people for the most part take the whole thing as an entertainment, there is still a class—and a constantly increasing one—which delights in comparing and critically estimating those wonderful demonstrations of Eastern humanity.

These departments are on the main avenue in the eastern end of the Main Building. The screens for which the Japanese have been famous time out of mind form a leading feature of their display. These articles form the double purpose of use and ornament, and it is easy to understand from looking at them how important a part they bear in the peculiar in-and-out-of-house life of the Japanese. Articles of furniture hold a direct relation to the domestic needs and habits of a people, and these screens, which we regard merely as curiosities, are with the Japanese household necessities as much almost as chairs or tables. They are all made upon one general plan, generally in three divisions connected by hinges of metal or webbing, and of uniform size. The frames are of bamboo and other light woods, and the coverings of silk, cotton, or paper. The goods here shown, being designed to show the best grade of manufacture, the ground-work being rich silk of neutral tints, and the ornamentation of the most surprising and lavish character. This ornamentation is of a three old sort—painting, embroidery, and a unique process of "piecing" or "quilting" which is not to be seen in the decorating art of any other people. Occasionally all three styles may be seen in a single work, but usually when in conjunction only the first two or the first and last are noticed. Embroidery and quilting are not seen together. The really finest works are the embroideries proper, for while the paintings are curious, the Japanese do not as yet excel in this art. In embroidering, however, they equal the world, and the work on these screens will be found as good as the best in the Royal School of Art Needlework or elsewhere in the Exposition. The colors, contrasts, and whole management of the effects are extraordinary fine. The delineation of small birds is exquisite, and a group of pigeons, for spirit and naturalness, excites universal admiration. Of course, female beauty comes in largely for display, and if the Japanese woman is the creature these quaint artists have made her, she is not altogether unlovely. Neither is she odd in her style of dress, or in her manner of fixing her hair, as used to be supposed, the styles of the Japs in these directions not violently outraging present received modes. The visitor should not, in studying the richness of the high-priced articles, neglect the humbler kinds of screens, which are very suggestive of Japanese manners. These are covered with gilt paper of a peculiar texture, the ornamentation consisting of patches of various material fastened thereon.

An allied subject is the curious exhibit of wall decorations with the same appliances used in the ornamenting of the screens. These articles I term pictures, in deference to American ideas on the subject, but they are really very little like the pictures of Europe and the New World. They are reduced copies of a primitive manner. The work is of the same character as that spoken of in the preceding section, uniformly on a ground of silk, the designs being either painted, embroidered or quilted. There are a great number of these pictures, their subjects covering a large space in the delineation of Japanese life of all grades, from the recreations of the nobility to the toil of the lowest order of working people. Although not ranking very high as art works, it is safe to say that there are not many things in the Exposition more interesting than these pictures—and this from the view that has been steadily held in these articles in remarking upon the collective exhibits of foreign countries. The wall decorations give us clear ideas of the people, customs, industries, scenery and natural characteristics of Japan, and their very rudeness instead of offering any difficulty to apprehension but adds to the charm of the works. The process to which I have been forced to process to which I have been forced to give the unsatisfactory name of "quilting" is one of the very queerest things that has been submitted to foreign eyes.

It consists of the building up of figures by patient tailor-work; layer after layer of silken, woolen, or other materials being sewed or glued upon each other. Not only clothing is formed in this way, but every variety of natural objects. Faces are generally painted, and the addition of real clothes has the oddest, yet most comfortable effect imaginable.

The humor of the Japanese is seen especially displayed in these decorations. Some of the groups are truly comical in idea and composition, and the fun is of a gentle, good sort—showing the evident kindly disposition of the people. Another class of subjects shows that Beard and other modern artists were not wholly original in their personifications of human peculiarities in creatures of a lower order. Some capital humorous illustrations of this kind are shown in these quilted and painted pictures. One in particular is extravagantly funny; it is a procession of grasshoppers and other insects, headed by soldiers, and carrying in the center of their force a palanquin in which reposes some mighty Daimie. All the actors in the scene are bugs and insects of various kinds, the most preposterously funny of the number being the "hoppers, who are as near nature as the most ardent pre-Raphaelist could desire. I trust no one will neglect to give the screens and pictures from Japan the closest attention. They will be found in the highest degree instructive, and will give the visitor new and thorough ideas of the strange cultivation of the mystic empire. But other features of this department and the Chinese display must be reserved for another letter, or I shall exceed my space and weary your readers.

The excessive heat of the past two weeks has not been without some effect upon the grounds, especially during the last few days. The attendance has not been very materially diminished because many Philadelphians have taken refuge from the sweltering city in the cooler breezes of the Park. Yet even here prostration and illness have resulted from the intolerable temperature, in a few cases. More of this weather is to be expected for two or three weeks to come, and then, when we get on the shady side of summer, and the farmers get their crops secured, we may expect the whole country to enjoy a trip hither.

News of the Week.

The Republicans of North Carolina have nominated Judge Thomas Settle for Governor.

On Thursday three desperadoes in Newark, N. J., killed two policemen, an assistant foreman and a workman in a tannery from which they had been discharged, and wounded two other men. The murderers, in attempting to escape, were killed with knives and stones by infuriated workmen.

Owing to the hot weather there were 1,298 deaths in New York last week, as against 858 of the previous week.

Vanderbilt and Colonel Tom Scott have written to the postmaster-general that the fast mails will be discontinued after Saturday next.

The army appropriation will be \$2,296,000 less this year than it was last. The death sentence of Wilhelmina Wieck, who killed her step-son at Buffalo, has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

The Grand Army of the Republic Soldiers' Home has been located at Bath, S. enben county.

The next convention of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held in St. Louis.

England will avail herself of the first opportunity of mediation in Turkey.

The deaths by the explosion on board of the British war ship *Thynderer*, are now reported at thirty.

Two important South Wales collieries have stopped.

A number of Boston ladies have bought the Old South Church to remove it unless the land can be bought.

Four thousand and seventy-four visitors have attended the Centennial since its opening; the cash receipts have been \$743,576.

The Spencer and anti-Spencer republicans in Alabama have united and nominated W. Woodruff for Governor.

—Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Herbert, of Beverly, N. J., are in town visiting their numerous friends who are heartily glad to see them.

—A telegram to the Palladium says that Hon. William Foster's tannery at Cleveland was burned to the ground on Tuesday night.

—Messrs. Beals, Pepper and Parkhurst have greatly improved the appearance of their places of business by repainting them. Ames and Halleck did the work, and of course it is well done.

—Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, accompanied by Mrs. Stratton's mother and two sisters, reached home last Friday night. He occupied his pulpit last Sunday to the gratification of his congregation.

—We have received a letter from our friend Colonel Parkhurst, of Minneapolis, Minn. Their friends will be glad to learn that they reached home in safety and are usually well.

—Mrs. James Vincent is visiting her parents and many friends here much to their pleasure. We understand Mr. Vincent is expected in a few days. He will meet with a hearty welcome from all.

—It is a boy and belongs to Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stone, and at 12 o'clock last Tuesday was 40 minutes old. In consequence of this important event we bespeak an increase of trade at B. S. Stone & Co.'s.

—Mr. H. L. Hurlbut spoke upon temperance in the Universalist church, last Friday and Saturday evenings. Upon Sunday evening he addressed a union meeting in the M. E. church, which was largely attended. Mr. Hurlbut is a reformed drunkard, and an interesting and forcible speaker.

Facts and Fancies.

Weston's latest failure was in Scotland.
Motto for grocers—Honest tea the best policy.
A Kentuckian married the divorced wife of his son.
The Mikado of Japan has had a gorgeous carriage built in London.
Some minds will always be slow till you cut them to the quick.
You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.
Don't open your purse too hastily or too wide, nor your mouth either.
How is a man to make both ends meet—by bending all his energies.
"I should very much like to see you," wrote a blind man to his sister.
A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.
Any merchant may make his house a custom house by attention to its duties.
In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage?—Be mine, ah!
A polite way of putting it—Troubled with a chronic indisposition to exertion.
What species of love is that which is never reciprocated? A neuralgic affection.
Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good teacher? Because he is a sound instructor.
He was twenty-one years old, she sixty-one, and they were married in Concord.
Even when there is but one party to rheumatism it is almost always a joint affair.
It is a singular fact that the seconds always draw up the minutes relating to a duel.
"I've buried my best friend," as the undertaker said when he interred the quack doctor.
Oftentimes the person whose death is most deeply regretted by a man's second wife is his first.
Rev. Mr. McKibben acted as umpire for a game of base ball in St. Paul, and his congregation was thereby displeased.
A Bridgeport baby was burned to death in its cradle, a brother setting the clothing on fire with a match.
Newport, Vt., on the Fourth, had music by a drum corps, each member of which was over ninety years of age.
A selfish friend is like the letter p, because, though he is first in pity, he is always the last in help.
It has been said that any lawyer who writes so plainly as to be intelligible, is an enemy to his profession.
"Ah!" said a young lady, "tis sweet to be watched over by a brother—one of one's dearest friends."
Fancy a man nibbling an apple on the sunny side of a barn for fear his wife should see him eat it in the house.
The philosophers say there is no such thing as color, yet the times certainly look black, and nearly everybody looks blue.
When the young ladies hand you a card nowadays with the cabalistic letters Y. M. C. A., it means "you may call again."
Men often talk of the humbleness of their origin when they are really ashamed of it, though vain of the talent that enabled them to emerge from it.
The tears of beauty are like clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimning them for a moment that they may shine with greater lustre than before.
A stranger in Chicago asked a young scapegrace to show him a good boarding establishment, and he directed him to a carpenter's shop.
Mrs. Malaprop says she knows who the Alpine glacier is. He is a foreigner who carries a lump of putty in his hand and a pane of glass under his arm.
What medicine is that for weak minds which is much relished by the patients, but which makes everybody sick except those who swallow it? Flattery.
Miss Johnson is a Georgiasinger whose voice "falls upon her hearers like silver spray upon a sea of molten gold dotted with floating diamonds and precious pearls."
The Government Superintendent of Railroads in Canada lives in a palace car—that is fitted up with cooking and sleeping facilities, and other things needful for luxurious existence.
A loving British wife's postscript to a letter addressed to her husband in New York: "Dear William, I have perused the police reports and morgue returns every day, hoping to see your name."
In the Pyrenees the following notice is posted in a hotel: "All travellers on their arrival will be entitled, gratis, to a bath with friction and special lotions. These lotions will guarantee the traveler perfect immunity from numerous insects which infest the hotel."
A missionary in India has sent an order to New Haven for a vehicle which can be traveled in by day, slept in at night, and preached from at any time. It will be furnished with cooking utensils, bedding, and books, and six oxen will draw it.
Deacon Parkinson remarked in a prayer meeting in Carson, Nevada, that he knew young boys who went to saloons where their fathers had credit, got bottles filled with whiskey ostensibly for the parents, and got drunk on the liquor themselves. He suggested earnest prayers for those boys.

The Midsummer Holiday Scribner.

The publishers of Scribner's Monthly propose as their special contribution to "the glories of the Centennial year," the publication of a popular magazine ever issued in the world. The ambition is a laudable one, the promise is made in good faith, and the power to fulfill the promise will hardly be doubted by those who have watched the history and progress of the Scribner Magazines.
This special number of Scribner's Monthly, which will be entitled "The Midsummer Holiday Number," will comprise one hundred and sixty pages, contributed by the most eminent writers. The illustrations will be profuse in number, and specially notable as specimens of the designer's, engraver's and printer's arts. All that culture and skill, developed by a fruitful experience, can do to make this number of the magazine attractive, will be done. The edition will be 75,000 copies. The contents of the Midsummer Holiday number of Scribner will be light, as midsummer reading generally should be, but some of the contributions will be extraordinary. Mr. Bryant's poem of one hundred and sixty lines produced at his advanced age, will fairly dispute the claim to eminence with some of his earlier and best known poems. Stoddard's "Hesperia Civitatis" is the longest, most ambitious, and best poem he has written for many years. "Hide-and-Seek Town," by "H. H.," is a notable sketch, with lavish wealth of illustration, and Miss B. J. J. makes her first appearance as an illustrator in Mr. Burroughs' characteristic article on Birds. The Midsummer Holiday Number of Scribner's Monthly will be issued about the 20th of July, and cannot fail to attract very wide attention, not only from our own people, but from our intelligent visitors from the other side of the water. Dealers should send in their orders at once.
SCRIBNER & Co.,
743 Broadway, New York.
Resting Day, or Sunday in Japan.
Among other national changes in Japan it is now announced by a proclamation, that the six regular resting days of each month are hereafter abolished, and that the number of resting days is reduced to four a month, which are made to correspond with the Christian Sabbath. The Japanese are also adopting the custom of using the latter part of Saturday for rest and recreation. It is said that all the foreigners in Japan are delighted with this new arrangement. We have nothing in the country more characteristic and significant than our Christian Sabbath, and it would be a pity and a shame if we make the Centennial Exposition an opportunity to show the world that we are ready to surrender our most cherished habits and precious privileges.—N. Y. Observer.
Congratulations at a Swedish-Norwegian Wedding.
The fair Swede and the manly Norwegian were wedded on the centennial grounds June 29, as advertised. The bride came, on her father's arm, followed by the groom and her mother, and four bridesmaids and groomsmen. As soon as the ceremony was over the bride's father, whose ruddy face had been all aglow with feeling, clasped her in his arms, regardless of wedding veil and finery, and gave her a right fatherly kiss, and then put both arms around his new son and kissed him affectionately; then followed the family congratulations, so hearty and informal it did one's heart good to see them. The bridegroom's friends put their arms around him and patted him jovially on the back, or kissed him; and the bride, all alive with excitement, was cordial in her greetings. She did not stand in one place to receive, but moved about to speak to one or another or promenade on her husband's arm.
A sailor, the other day, in describing his first effort to become nautical, said that just at the close of a dark night he was sent up aloft to see if he could see a light. As he was no great favorite with the lieutenant, he was not hailed for some hours.
"Aloft there!" at length was heard from the lieutenant.
"Ay, ay, sir!" was the answer.
"Do you see a light?"
"Yes, sir."
"What light?"
"Daylight, by jingo!"
A little school girl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterward the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bad of promise" belonged to, "What is a zone?" After some hesitation this little girl brightened up and replied, "I know it; it's a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."
"John, how does it happen that you, who tried so hard to get your wife through a long and hopeless courtship of four years, now that you have won the prize, seem to care so little about her?"
"Why, I'll tell you. I've heard of a man who wanted to jump over a stone wall. He took a good start and ran a mile, and when he got up to the wall he was so tired that he had to lie down and go to sleep by the side of it. Now, I loved my wife so hard and so long that I could get her, that I found my love had all run out when I had her fast."
The persons most anxious to add to their wealth are generally those who don't know how to make any use of what they have already.

PARISH.

Independence was celebrated here in good style. A large concourse was present from the surrounding country. The sham fight between the Red Coats and Continentals attracted much attention. Of course the undisciplined Continentals were victorious over the disciplined Red Coats. The oration by F. H. Berry, Esq., was listened to with marked attention and fully appreciated for its excellence. The Colosse Cornet Band did themselves much credit in discoursing superb music. When about to leave they repaired to the church and gave the ladies some excellent "tunes and in return were greeted with bouquets. In the evening there was a display of fireworks. The residence of A. M. Gillespie, Esq., was beautifully illuminated. Our new cannon pealed forth in thunder tones during the day.
We frequently notice how things have changed within a few years, especially at present in wool carding. Once the budgets of wool for carding used to move towards Mexico, but now there is no carding machine there, and the Mexicans came this way and call on our friend, N. L. Wilson, of Carleys Mills to have that work done. The other day Major Newton Hall, of Mexico, came along for that purpose, and caught us in the act of murdering—killing potato bugs. So the conversation naturally turned upon bugs, from the potato bugs on our farms to the political bugs that infest and destroy the life and growth of national vegetation on Uncle Sam's farm.
Last Friday night, July 7th, a house was struck by lightning near Carleys Mills, killing a man by the name of Getman.
Parish, July 8, 1876.
NORTH VOLNEY.
The "Glorious Fourth," "Independence Day," has come and gone, and its festivities for 1876 are among the things that were. The weather was such as generally characterizes the Fourth of July, excessively warm and sultry, interspersed with thunder showers. The day was unusually free from incident or excitement in this part of the mortal heritage.
Last Wednesday night a furious gale came crashing down, perfectly furious in "the power of its might," while the fearful lightning flashed, and the frequent claps of thunder sounded like great guns. The angry storm soon spent itself, and early in the morning a clear sky and bright shining stars betokened more peaceful times. The wind made sad havoc with fruit and shade trees.
Next Sabbath, D. V., the Rev. Mr. Cosgrove will deliver at this place a "Centennial Floral Sermon." Probably he will extol in the richest of language the beautiful flowers of the "daisy, thistle, rag weed, and elder blossoms" that the farmers have to contend with. May I be there to see and hear.
North Volney, July 8, 1876.
EVEN.
Young People's Reform Association.
The regular monthly meeting of this Association was held in the Lecture-room of the M. E. Church, last Monday evening.
After singing, prayer was offered by Mr. North, of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. Minutes of the last meeting read by the Secretary, and approved. Some business was transacted, and the question for debate put over until another meeting.
Miss Mary Knight read the Society's paper, which was followed by an address by Mr. North, which was interesting and instructive, and delivered in an earnest manner. Singing was interspersed throughout, and was furnished by Misses Julia Knight, Mary Bennett, and Cora Wilder, and Messrs. Strong Bennett and John King, and was a very pleasant feature of the meeting. Miss Kittie Gray presided at the organ.
The meeting was well attended and quite interesting. Several additional names were obtained to the pledge.
Com.
The public will facilitate the work of the committee on securing the residences of the graduates and former pupils of Mexico Academy if every one having any circular or any information will be so kind as to give any member of the committee the benefit of such information through the Post-office or otherwise.
S. H. STONE,
G. H. GOODWIN,
L. F. ALFRED,
C. E. HAVENS.
The Old Stone Church at Clinton Destroyed.
UTICA, July 11.—By the incendiary burning of the old St. Nicholas saloon at Clinton, this country, yesterday, the old stone Presbyterian church and the Manwarring block were destroyed. Sparks of fire from the former lodged in the cupola of the church. This church is famous in connection with the Hamilton College commencements, many of the most distinguished men having been graduated within the structure since 1836. The loss on church property is \$40,000; insured for \$14,500 in the Aetna, Hartford and Niagara companies. Other losses amount to about \$8,000, with \$2,600 insurance.
From two acres of strawberries, Mr. William Cheever, of New Haven, picked 8,000 quarts of berries this last season. Average price 8¢ cents per quart. 20,000 quarts of strawberries were shipped from New Haven during the season.
—Mr. George G. French and his son Fred started for Philadelphia to attend the Exposition, last Monday night.

Postage on Third Class Matter.

The section in the post-office appropriation bill in relation to third class matter is as follows: Transient newspapers and magazines, regular publication, designed primarily for advertising purposes, or for free circulation, or for circulation at nominal rates, and all printed matter of the third class except unsealed circulars, shall be admitted to and transmitted in the mails at the rate of one cent for every two ounces or fractional part thereof, and one cent for each two additional ounces, or fractional part thereof, and the sender of any article of the third class of mail matter may write his or her name thereon or on the outside thereof with the word "from" above or preceding the signature, or may write briefly or print on any package the number and names of articles enclosed. Publishers of newspapers and periodicals may print on the wrappers of newspapers or magazines, sent from the office of publication to regular subscribers, the time to which subscription thereupon has been paid, and addresses upon postal cards and unsealed circulars may be either written, printed or affixed thereto, at the option of the sender. From the above it is seen that all printed matter of the third class, except circulars unsealed, is restored to the old rate. In other words, all transient newspapers, magazines, books and printed matter, with the exception of unsealed circulars, will be restored to the former rate of one cent for every two ounces, while merchandise and unsealed circulars will remain at the present rate. The bill appropriates in the aggregate for the transportation of the mails \$15,837,851. That embraces the stage routes and the steamboat lines at \$9,737,851, and the railroad lines at \$6,100,000, against the estimate of the department of a little more than \$17,500,000—a reduction upon the item of transportation of the mails of \$1,662,149. There is nothing in the bill which affects fast mails, such being carried by special arrangement between the Postmaster General and the railroads.
The Earlville Murder.
About six years ago during the construction of the Midland railroad, an Irishman commonly known as Daly, but recently as Brady, was one of the laborers. While working in the vicinity of Earlville he was in the habit of indulging in drink to such an extent as to become almost idiotic. In this state he would be sent from hotel to hotel and from one point of the town to another on some fruitless errand which invariably maddened him when he so recovered his senses as to perceive that he had been the butt of ridicule.
On one of these sprees, some ways at or near the Earlville House, kept by Wm. H. Jones, sent him to the other hotel on some fool's errand, and when he discovered his folly he returned to the Earlville House and going inside made a furious outcry over the deception. Soon afterward he went outside and while standing on the walk some one emptied a pail of water upon him from an upper window. This effectually sobered him.
Night before last he went to Earlville wholly free from the influence of liquor, and left his satchel at Brown's hotel. He then walked over to the Belleville House, entered the bar-room and called for a glass of beer. At this time Mr. Jones, the proprietor, was standing in the door-post, carelessly leaning against the door-post, entirely without apprehension of the terrible fate so soon to be his. Having obtained his beer, Daly started out. As he was passing Jones took a revolver from his pocket, and, pressing the muzzle against Jones's breast, fired one shot and walked away.
While he was in full retreat, a friend of Jones, who was standing near, inquired if he was shot. "I guess not," replied Jones, "who was that fellow?" Saying this, Jones walked away a few paces from his door on the sidewalk and returned just in time to reel, full across his threshold and expire. A post mortem examination yesterday revealed a bullet wound entirely through his heart.
After committing his terrible crime, in the coolest blood imaginable, Daly walked to Sherburn. Arriving there yesterday morning, he went up to a man and asked, "Are you a friend of mine?" The man replied that he didn't know him. Another remark by Daly brought out the suggestive response from the stranger, "I guess you must be the murderer of Billy Jones." Daly admitted that he was, and said he had tried to kill him a year ago and had gone to Earlville for that purpose, but was compelled to relinquish it for the time being. In conclusion, Daly seemed to rejoice that he had been able to accomplish his awful purpose. He was at once arrested and taken to Norwich, where he awaits arraignment. Had he been taken to Earlville, as first intended, it is likely that he would have been lynched.
Mr. Jones, the murdered man, was about 38 years of age and universally liked. He leaves a wife and two children. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, under whose auspices the funeral will occur to-day. Deceased was a son-in-law of Hon. M. N. Campbell, of Lebanon, member of Assembly from Madison county.—Syracuse Standard, Friday.
A DARING ROBBERY.—About four o'clock this (Thursday) morning, Mr. Franklin Washburn's daughter, Mrs. Lambie, was awakened by a noise, and going to her son's room, saw a person standing by the bureau. Seeing her son still asleep in the bed, she called him by name, when the man jumped out the window on the roof of the piazza, and from there to the ground. A watch was found to be missing. The burglar was tracked for only a short distance, and made his escape.
—Mr. Goodwin Brown, of Hartford, Ct., is home on a visit.

Think for Yourself.

Thousands lead miserable lives suffering from dyspepsia, a disordered stomach and liver, producing biliousness, heartburn, costiveness, weakness, irregular appetite, low spirits, raising food after eating, and often ending in fatal attacks of fever. THEY KNOW THEY ARE SICK, yet get little sympathy. The unfailing remedy, which is yearly restoring thousands, is Da Costa's Radical Cure. Sold by E. L. Huntington, Druggist, Mexico, N. Y.
A 25c bottle will convince you of its merits. Don't delay another hour after reading this, but go and get a bottle, and your relief is as certain as you live. Will you do it, or will you continue to suffer? Think for yourself!
Professor Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physic required. Costs 25 cents. Try it.
Of course no one will fail to notice the attractive advertisement Lewis Miller has in this week's paper.
\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 10-ly
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The Rev. T. B. BERRY, Rector of Trinity Church, GRANVILLE, N. Y., Desires to receive into his family four deaf-mute children for instruction and home care.
REFERENCES.—Rev. T. Gallaudet, D. D., Prof. L. L. Peet, LL. D., New York, and Prof. C. W. Ely, A. M., Frederick, Md. 21-2d
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The only Complete CENTENNIAL GUIDE, WITH MAPS OF THE Exhibition Grounds,
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{ for 1876, } { Mute Journalism. }
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The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.
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This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.
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This is one of the best reading books that has ever been prepared for deaf-mutes, and furnishes an excellent practical method of making them familiar with pure, simple, idiomatic English. It is well adapted also for the instruction of hearing children.
History of the United States of America,
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Extending from the discovery of the continent to the close of President Lincoln's administration. A work of great accuracy, written in a pure, idiomatic style, and pronounced by good judges to be the best and most instructive history of this country that has ever been condensed within the same compass.
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Manual of Vegetable Physiology,
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Pp. 42. Price 25 cents.
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by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D.
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Designed to introduce young learners, deaf-mutes, and foreigners to a correct understanding and use of the English language.
It is believed that this book will meet a want long felt, as the directions for use are so minute that any one, even without previous familiarity with the instruction of deaf-mutes, may with the aid of the book, carry forward their education as well as for use in the classroom. In the latter it is admirably fitted to serve as a standard of attainment and a means of securing uniformity of method, as the rendering classification easier, and obviating the injury which often arises from transferring a pupil from one teacher to another. By its means the education of a deaf-mute can be successfully commenced at a very early age. In order to employ it to advantage it is not necessary to forego the use of other text-books, but it will, it is thought, supply many deficiencies, and moreover furnish an element of the pupil's habit of thinking in language.
With this view it need not be confined to elementary classes, as all the pupils in an institution would derive a benefit from going through the exercises.

C. E. HEATON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office over Thomas' new Store. Special office day, Saturday afternoon of each week. Residence—Pulaski St.
J. U. MANWAREN, M. D. MEXICO, N. Y. Office Jefferson St., opposite Post office. Residence corner of Main and Railroad streets. Female and all chronic diseases made a specialty. SATURDAYS of each week special office days. All calls promptly attended. 25
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REAL HAIR SWITCHES For sale at A. L. Mason's. Also Madam Foy's patent Corset Skirt Supporter. Mexico, May 19, 1876.
H. H. DOBSON, Dentist. Nitrous oxide or laughing gas for extracting teeth without pain. All work warranted and at the lowest living prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y.
WEBB & COON, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, AND PROCTORS IN LAW, EQUITY and ADMIRALTY. Rooms 8, 9, 10 and 11 Arcade Block, East End Lower Bridge, OSWEGO, N. Y. S. A. WEBB. J. D. HARTSON, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office over Stone, Robinson & Co's Store Main St. J. A. RICKARD, Dealer in all kinds of Furniture, South Jefferson Street.
NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of T. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Morris S. Kimball, late of the town of Volney, in said county, deceased, to present their accounts, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at her residence, in said town, on or before the twenty-second day of November, 1876, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.—Dated May 22, 1876. MRS. M. S. KIMBALL, Administratrix.
Wringers OF ALL KINDS REPAIRED By C. B. CHASE, North Store, old City Hall, OSWEGO. Orders by express promptly attended to. 14 3m
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Lard, 15
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Beef 7¢ lb., 05 @ 16
Beef, 7¢ cwt., 86 @ 87
Mutton, 7¢ cwt., 88 @ 90
Pork, 7¢ barrel, retail, 82¢
Pork 7¢ cwt., 83 @ 84
Apples, (dried), 7¢ lb., 06
Ham, 7¢ lb., 14
Dressed Poultry, 7¢ lb., 10 @ 12
Potatoes, 7¢ bush., 20
Beef Hides, per lb., 4 @ 5
Housekeepers Take Notice. Oswego Flour, Winter, \$1.50; Spring, \$1.70. Kerosene oil, 15 cents per gallon. One Dollar Tea, 80¢ per lb. Salt, 10¢ per lb. 50¢ Butter Tabs, 30 cents. New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 80 cents per gal. Monitor Clothes Wringer, \$1.45 & \$1.50. Camphor Gum, 4¢ per oz. **The poor can have cheaper. W. O. JOHNSON, Washington St. Mexico.
Roll Butter and Eggs wanted at Whyborn's Grocery. 35.
CHANGE OF TRAINS.—Going East.—N. Y. Express, 8:42 A. M.; Niagara Falls Express, 2:15 P. M.; Atlantic Express, 5:40 P. M. Going West.—Accommodation, 6:50 A. M.; Northern Express, 12:44 P. M.; Express, 3:30 P. M.; Express, 7:42 P. M. Union Square.—Going North.—Express, 4:58 A. M.; Express, 2:17 P. M.; Express, 6:35 P. M.; Accommodation, 10:12 A. M. Going South.—Express, 9:24 A. M.; Express, 12:47 P. M.; Express, 6:35 P. M.; Accommodation, 5:32 P. M.